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AMERICANVS 'SVM

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY
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SOCIE TY.

LITERA TY.

POLI TIC S.

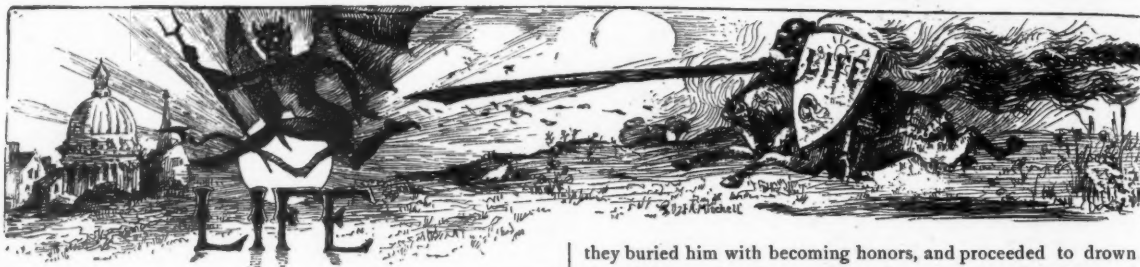
USTREA SURY.

DR. J. A. M.



She: WILL YOU JOIN ME IN A CUP OF TEA, MR. SIMPKINS?

Mr. Simpkins: AH, THANK YOU; BUT WOULD N'T IT BE RATHER CROWDED?



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THE inhabitants of Oak Creek, which is an umbrageous suburb of that city of bad poets and good beer, Milwaukee, are evidently of a cheerful and frugal mind. One Mr. Horace Baldwin, who was six feet four in his stockings on occasions when he wore them, unexpectedly died on the 25th of May, and left his property to two nephews. Now very certainly a man's last bequeathal is a thing sacred and memorable, and should be carefully guarded, or at least devoted to noble uses. We are confidently told by travellers who visit the fastnesses of Milwaukee, that there are only two legitimate purposes to which money is devoted in that city—to the encouragement of female poets and the consumption of local beer—the quality of the one offsetting the lack of it in the other. What more natural, then, than that the gratified legatees of the deceased Baldwin should determine to do his fortune proud by blowing it in, so to speak, against both good beer and bad verse, as is the custom of natives to that manner born? But herein a difficulty arose. The legacy amounted to \$127 and a mule. The mule was undividable property and not very salable, owing to a trick with his heels which had robbed him of the friendship of every one but the local coroner and undertaker, and the \$127 was not large as estates are reckoned at present. A serious question presented itself as to the expenses of Mr. Baldwin's funeral, which necessarily had to come out of the \$127, since they could not, without serious inconvenience, be eked out of the mule. The undertaker, a grasping and sordid man, wanted \$30 for a No. 13 1-2 coffin, which was the late Mr. Baldwin's size. The nephews held a consultation. Thirty dollars meant 600 beers or fifteen volumes of Milwaukee poetry, or 400 beers and 6 volumes of poetry, just as one chose to look at it. On the other hand, a second-hand No. 7 coffin, which the undertaker had left on his hands on account of a misfit at the funeral of a twelve-year-old boy who had blown his head off while emulating the hero of Mr. Peck's book, was to be had at the exceedingly low rate of \$8—a saving of 440 beers or 11 volumes of poetry. The nephews therefore purchased the coffin, and, as it was only 5 feet and 1 inch in length, proceeded to insert Mr. Baldwin into it by the simple and cheap method of sawing his legs off and thus trimming him down to the desired length. Whereupon

they buried him with becoming honors, and proceeded to drown the grief natural to the occasion in long draughts of the beer and perusals of the long-coveted verse. All this was recently telegraphed to our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, and is as proud evidence of the advancing civilization of the West as could reasonably be hoped for after the contest of poets which has so recently devastated her borders.

* * *

THE N. Y. *Sun* prints the following:

1876—RECORD OF HISTORY, 1884.

Living:—Samuel J. Tilden, Thomas A. Hendricks, and the issue of the fraud of 1876.

Dead:—Zach. Chandler, Oliver P. Morton, James A. Garfield, E. W. Stoughton, James E. Anderson, and Eliza Pinkston.

Under a Cloud:—George F. Hoar, George F. Edmunds, Joseph P. Bradley.

Forgotten:—R. B. Hayes, William A. Wheeler.

To this *LIFE* offers the following amendments:

Left:—Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks.

Played out:—The Issue of the Fraud of 1876.

Under a Cloud:—The Democratic Party.

Never Forgotten while the Sun Lives:—Rutherford B. Hayes.

Dead:—Well, we leave it to papers of the *Sun* stamp to malign those who cannot defend themselves.

* * *

"I NOTICE my good friend DANA remarks in his quiet editorial way that HENRY B. PAYNE is looming up grandly as my successor. I am real glad to hear it. I did n't know before that I had anything to succeed to."—S. J. T.—"N. B.—I still have the bar'l."

* * *

OUR clergymen are evidently waking up to the fact that it is leap year. Following is a personal from the religious columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*:

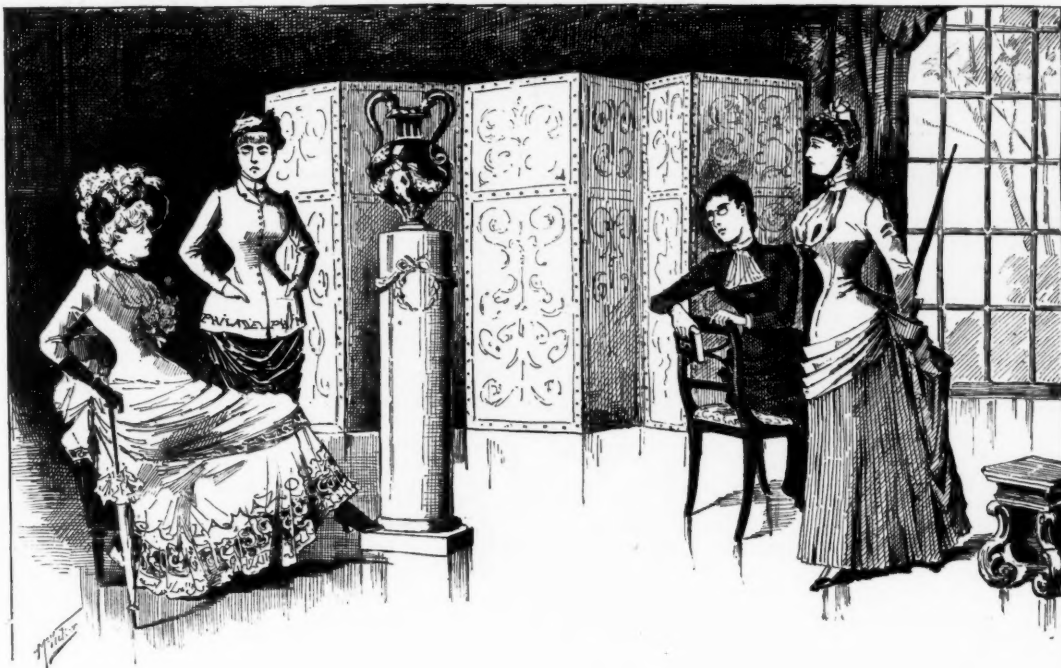
"CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, 34TH STREET, PARK AVE. Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor, will preach, morning, 11. Subject: 'Wanted—A Man.'"

* * *

WE sincerely hope that Gen. Grant's third term will not be spent in—but, pshaw! That is too absurd.

* * *

A CONGREGATION of Middlesex was dreadfully shocked last Sunday at seeing the oldest deacon, who had been sitting in the clover-patch in front of the church, begin to throw back somersaults, and go through a most violent series of gymnastics. The sympathy was general when it was known that the first bumble-bee of the season had mistaken the leg of the good man's trousers for its nest.



THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art ;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * *

Long they worshipped ; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing said : " What a lovely vase."

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries : "'T is, indeed, a lovely vase !"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims : " It is quite a lovely vash !"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courtesuslee
And gently murmurs : " Oh, pardon me !

I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws !"

*Dies erit praelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.



BOOKISHNESS

BLAINE'S BOOK.

THE first volume of Mr. Blaine's long-looked-for and much-talked-about book has at last been issued, and the expectant world is temporarily satisfied. The panicky feeling has subsided and we have not yet been plunged in a foreign war. LIFE can hardly be called a "Blaine organ," and, as some of our readers may have surmised, we are not an especial admirer of him as a politician, but, nevertheless, as a writer he will receive from us the ready recognition of merit which his work really deserves. Newspaper interviewers have of late given us the impression that the Senator from Maine was expending a great deal of time on his book, but we are not disappointed in the result. The volume bears evidence of most conscientious labor and diligent research, while the author's intimate knowledge of the motives which led to the historical events recorded by him, lends to his narrative a peculiar interest.

The title—"Twenty Years of Congress"—is descriptive, and suggests a sequel which would doubtless be called "Four Years of the White House;" however, we are not notified that this is yet in press. The scope of the complete work will be from the administration of Lincoln to that of Garfield, and the first volume contains a review of the events which led to the political revolution of 1860, and the first chapters of the political history of the war.

Mr. Blaine omits the "dedication" and his work is unprefaced. He treats his subject in a comprehensive and interesting manner, and his arrangement is methodical and chronologically accurate. While most of the histories of the war that have been given to us have been military histories, in the present work are chronicled the social, financial and political incidents which necessitated or followed the actual campaigns. Few were in better positions to learn the "inside" affairs of the Government than the author, and his narrative, written in retrospect, is far more thoughtful and impartial than would have been the case had it been written in the form of a journal. He has aimed to handle his material in a popular way and has not been unsuccessful.

Those who expected to find on his pages about seventy-five capital I's to the square inch are mistaken, although Mr. Blaine honors himself with an engraved portrait as a frontispiece, and allows Lincoln alone to share with him the privilege of a full page picture. Other less famous men, such as Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Sumner, John Sherman, and the like, are given small vignettes and crammed together seven on a page. Of course, this is as it should be—the man with the largest reputation should have the biggest portrait. We can only be thankful that the Honorable James G. did not have his own likeness made life-size and bound between the leaves on a folding-sheet like a map.

The statistical appendices form a valuable addition to the book from the fact of their conciseness. They are fifteen in number and all are well chosen.

If "Twenty Years of Congress," was written for campaign purposes, the first volume does not betray it—at any rate it is well that the author is ambitious, for the book is worthy of its existence. It, however, is a strong argument against Mr. Blaine's nomination, for a man is rarely successful at more than one thing, and it would be unfortunate to spoil a good historian in order to create a poor president.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Three Villages. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A Midsummer Madness. By Ellen Olney Kirk. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

What is to be done! A handbook for the nursery. By Robert B. Nixon, M.D. Lee & Shepherd, Boston; Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

The Son of Monte-Christo. Sequel to the wife of Monte-Christo. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Olla Podrida, Vol. xxvi. Published by the Junior class, Wesleyan University. Press of Peter & King, Middletown, Conn.



"DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN?"

"I 'M him what folks call Logan;
I 'm workin' up a boom!
Perhaps you think they ain't none here
And that it's in the tomb.
With tuneful tones the air I rend
From evenin' until dawn.
My boom is big; 't aint got no end.
I've got it—in a horn.
I've worked this boomlet up myself,
The treasure of my life!
And now—toot-toot—I run the thing
To suit — Great Scott! My wife!
I must be walkin'!
She does the talkin'."

VOUS N'AVEZ PAS LE SOU.

I FAIN would buy me flowers fair,
To weave within her sunny hair,
Enhancing thus her beauty rare,
While proving service true—
These words before me sullen stare :
Vous n'avez pas le sou !

When wishes in her eyes appear
I would obey their message clear ;
For am I not her cavalier,
Fast sworn her will to do ?
Dame Fortune answers with a leer :
Vous n'avez pas le sou !

Such hopeless homage as I pay,
My glances fond, my sallies gay,
Are all but trifles of a day,
And nothing may accrue—
For at the last I can but say :
Ah ! Je n'ai pas le sou !

—R. E. B.

ART CRITICISM.

First Critic—"Yes, Pennsylvles is a good enough artist, but his figures are not pronounced."

Second Critic—"Well, you know he always had trouble with his palate."

ALAS ! too often is a lover's adoration mere lip worship.

"Lord Randolph Churchill's breeches of discipline." (Heading of London letter in Sunday Tribune.)

Does this refer to some new substitute for the straight jacket ?



YE BANKS AND BREAKS.

First Bank Breaker : SAY, D'YER KNOW WHERE THERE'S A SOUND BANK ?

Second Broke Banker : YUS.

First Bank Breaker : WHERE IS IT ?

Second Broke Banker : AIN'T A GIVIN' OF IT AWAY'S MORNING.

First Bank Breaker : 'CAUSE WHY ?

Second Broke Banker : S-E-C-R-E-T.

BOOMLETS.

THE general opinion now seems to be that Wayne MacVeagh's boom was a boomerang.

THE difference between the Tilden of '76 and the Tilden of to-day is that the former was weighed and found wanting while the latter according to the latest bulletins is wanted and found waiting.

FLOWER ! What a name for a candidate. How gloriously could the paragrapher revel in such an one with remarks concerning a "boom nipped in the bud ;" or a "Well-bread President," with a running discourse upon his strength with the yeast-ern part of the country. The Democratic Party would confer a priceless boon upon poor and needy journalists by nominating Rose Well Pea Flower on the first ballot.

"I JUST want the Republican Party to understand that if they do n't nominate me this time they'll never get another chance."—J. G. Blaine.

THANKS ! Small favors thankfully received. Larger ones in proportion.—Butler to the Anti-Monopolists.

EVERY cloud has its silver lining. Peele slipped up on getting into Congress while his opponent, English, got in. A little more English won't hurt our noble orators of the House of Representatives, and the retaliatory spirit in the breast of every true man who has accidentally trodden upon the exterior of a banana with the usual results causes universal rejoicing when the news goes forth that a Peele has slipped up and fallen on himself.

DID any one hear anything drop ? It seems to me that some of my boom is missing.—J. G. Blaine.

HOW would it do to nominate Arthur for President with Blaine as Vice-President, and let them fight it out between themselves as to who should run the country ? Arthur has shown that he has good Presidential stuff in him while Blaine's career in the past eminently qualifies him for the position of Vice !

MR. Butler has just been house-cleaning. It is said that when he was putting his booms in order he cleared away some old *debris* for his new boom with the song: "Benny, Make Room for Your Anti."

"YES, we've swung out for Tilden. You might say that I always was partial to crow. My favorite game."—*John Kelly.*

DO the men who support Blaine's candidacy reflect that two-thirds of his initials are exactly the same as Jay Gould's? Ha! You shudder. Never thought of it before perhaps! Beware!!!

MR. JAMES BUCKEYE, of Kansas City, while on a convivial visit to Waco, Texas, recently, undertook to amuse himself by that frontier pastime known as painting the town red. Four days later his widow received his remains, neatly boxed and labeled as follows:

"RITE SIDE UP, WITH KARE this certifies that diseased was full ez a tick with Waco jooce, w'ich not bein' accustom to spiled his ame ez DUKE WILLIAMS got the drop on him Age 44 years Of such are the Kingdom Kolect on dilevry. SAM W. PERKINS, "Koroner."



RETRIBUTION for Mr. Billy Edwards is near at hand. Mr. Sullivan is announced to hold a grand festival at the Madison Square Garden in honor of Mr. Mitchell late in this month. One whole week will be devoted to preliminary skirmishes, the champion appearing on each occasion, and the closing performance will terminate with a friendly bout on scientific points between the champions. We New Yorkers are indeed fortunate!

THE complete success of the American Lacrosse team in England is gratifying. A few more repetitions of this kind will doubtless convince our English cousins that after all we have a little sport in our veins.

IN less than a month Harvard and Yale will again meet in their annual contest at New London. Yale's regeneration of the English stroke is said to be doing much for her. Should Ben. Butler, however, again steer the Harvard crew Yale's chances are *nil*.

THE result of the Derby in a dead heat between Harvester and St. Gaten was not altogether satisfactory. Where was the spirit that was possessed of their grandfathers when, in 1828, the Duke of Rutland's Cadland ran a dead heat with Mr. Petre's The Colonel, afterward beating the Colonel in a deciding heat? The stakes were divided.

FILE NO. 41144.

A Tale in French and English, the former by M. Jaboriau; the latter by a young American Author of some note.

PART II.

Forty Years Behind.

THE Notre Dame bell had given forth the peals of the half-day. In the Café Morgue, immediately the round of the corner, two men had sat himself in front of a bar and one half-john of cognac.

"One more drunk, M'sieu?" was asked by the one of whom there was a tallness.

"*Ce n'est rien a moi, et vous?*" was the respond of the companion, a short.

At this converse the half-john was inverted and the short and the tall, sipped the whole at one sparrow.*

"This thread M'sieu, of to what will be made the ending?"

"*Bien*," was the replying to the short, "the Duc de Chize perhap is of the innocent. The Marquis de Strédogue perhap is also of the innocent, and mayhap altogether of the rest of the same crime convicted may be of the innocent."

"How many of this crime M'sieu have there been that they were guilt?"

"Three for this kill have hung of the neck. Five have until to now been jailed. Seven of these also to now have been there to their die. *Un autre* half-john?"

"*Oui!*"

The garçon at this moment was brought to himself by a pop to the fingers, and the half-john was prompt of repetition.

"*Ah! Comme il est bon, ce cognac*, M'sieu," was the say of the Tall, as he gave himself a sparrow of some length.

"*Quand vous avez fini, mon ami*, I will make you a present of my verdition on the excellence."

"Pardon! I had lost remembrance of you."

"Natural! One drowns recollection of a confrere when one has the half-john to himself. To promenade with the memoir. I think I may yet have for my eye the glory of to see the real man of guilt. See," removing a volume of notes from the vest and making apparent the lettering.

MIL—KE—EER VG—LS.

"The chin to the kill had upon him a hairy redness, and the letters there too were imprint. One hair from the redness had gone! *Voyez? Bien!* At the Exposition Universelle, it was to me to regard the exhibit Amerique. One barrel was under my notice. I had thirst, and there too was the bung. What! Then what did I see? Ah M'sieu the letters fired in the barrel,

'MILWAUKEE BEER,
V GALS.'

* Note by the American Author: M. Jaboriau is ornithologically mixed. He refers to the "Gulp" or "Swallow."

Said I, '*Singulaire! Tres familiale!* where was it heretofore to be seen by me?' Then of a hurry was to me the remembrance of the Cadaverous and his lettering. I compare. 'Ha' was my ejaculation to me. "The same were they as themselves." I hunt for the clue and what! To find him, then, was it to be my work. I had ears that in Amerique was living a noble family to whom these letterings was motto. I go to Amerique. I fox them out by the small degree and *finalment*, what had the discovery."



"THE TALL AT THIS MOMENT WAS OBSERVED TO PALE."

Here the speak stopped himself until there was a haul at the half-john. He then promenaded thus: "There was the discovery to a iron bar for the heat carrying the letterings for burning on the barrel—"

The Tall at this moment was observed to pale.

"The iron had upon him—what! *Regardez, M'sieu!* The hair! The hair was of redness. To find the man of ownership to the iron! What do I do? My form was disguised. As a barrel. Then I attend. The man to whom was the ownership came to me—as barrel, he fill me up with some beer. 'Ah,' say he, as he into me pours, 'what extra large must have been this kag! He hold more than of five *galons*.' There! *Voyez!* He was not known that the barrel was M. Le Boq—"

At the naming the Tall gives himself a leap of nervousness.

"*Du cognac?*"

"*Non!*"

"Ah, *M'sieu do Cognac! Mais*, that we walk on in the history. The man to whom was the iron burned me with motto and was gone to New York. To thither he was followed. Having covered me with a yellowness, and by a pair of the rolling-skates I was disguised to him as the cab for the little money. He took the ferry for London. I was making myself his steamer-chair by the name of him painted upon my back and by the being not there when he demanded me. From the London to the Paris he is come. And—"

"*Oui! Oui! Allez vous en. Et?*" gave out the voice of Tall with shriek.

"And you are the bird of my net, which has been caught! The proofs for you have strongness!"

"*Mais, Monsieur*, you of me are not wholly to be acquainted. You do not know me whom I am!"

"What! Whom then have you to be?"

"*I am the cadaverous himself.*"

"*Non, c'est impossible.* You?" wept the aghast Le Boq.

"Aye! I!" was the response to him. "I am the cadaverous of the Rue Twobeer of the killness to whom is the confinement of Henri Roquefort, Duc de Chize, and the muchness more of no guilt. *Voyez!*" elevating to him his hairy redness of chin.

There to be seen were the letters of fate!

"Not dead then have you been at all?" gasps Le Boq.

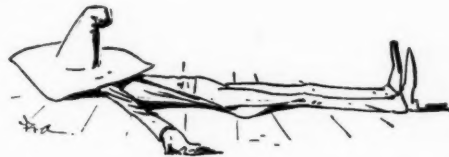
"*Oui, M'sieu Le Boq. Ja'i mort!* I was to myself the suicide!"

At this proclamation M. Le Boq felled himself dead of the remorse.

The Tall then evacuated afresh the half-john.

He spoke thus:

"File No. 41144 is of the avenged. *Le Cognac vous pouvez put sur la slate!*"



"M. LE BOQ FELLED HIMSELF DEAD OF THE REMORSE."

There was the noise as of a base-drum.

The street gave himself a quake.

A cloud upon the Café descended.

When the cloud had rolled himself by the tall had absented.

So had all the silverware in the establishment.

J. K. BANGS.

A DEATH invocation—Di-o Lewis.

BANK IS BUSTED, PREXY'S GONE.

THE bank is bust—

In God we trust;

Farewell, my own, to thee.

On foreign trip,

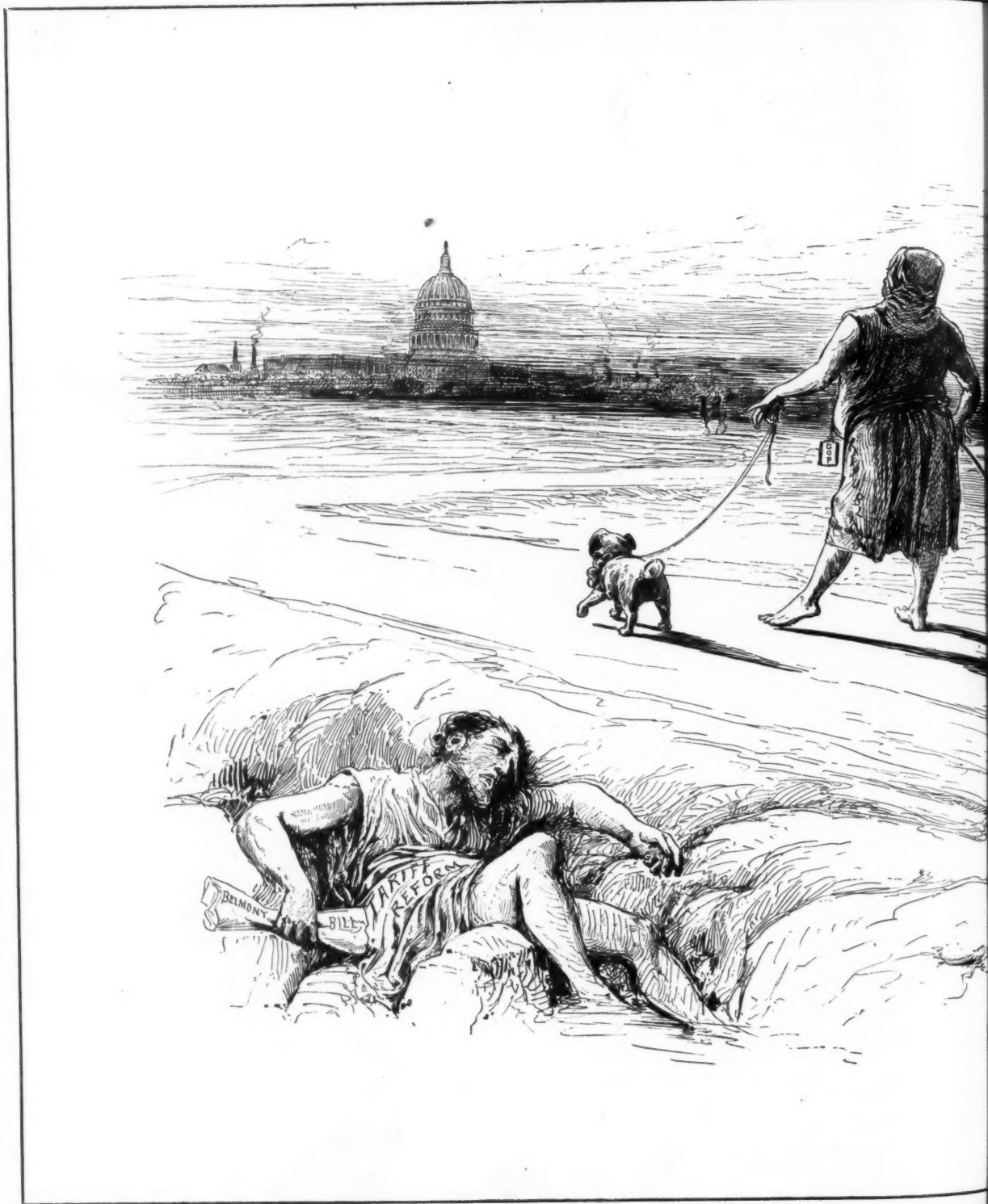
I now must skip;

The cops are on to me.

WHEN General B. F. Butler was a young man, two girls, dwelling in the same boarding house, were simultaneously in love with him. Both ladies were sitting in the parlor one evening and Ben was making violent love to one of them, much to the chagrin of the other, who suddenly flounced to the piano, and sang "Rock of Ages" at the top of her voice, laying particular stress on the line, "Simply to thy cross-eye cling."

THREE things in which the most impecunious women indulge themselves without stint—Bonnetts, foreign missions, and patent medicines.

Nec id clam—A "half-shell."



WHERE IS
AND BY CHANCE A CERTAIN PROTECTIONIST WAS GOING
SIDE. AND IN LIKE MANNER A RANDALLITE ALSO, WHEN HE



RE IS SAMARITAN ?

GOING THAT WAY, AND WHEN HE SAW HIM HE PASSED BY ON THE OTHER
THE PLACE, AND SAW HIM, PASSED BY ON THE PROTECTION SIDE.

Devised Version.



SKETCH OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE,

MADE BY THE HON. JAS. G. BLAINE DURING HIS RECENT VISIT.

PARAGRAPHS A LA MODE.

BANKING synonym—No cashier—no cash here.

CAPITAL crime—Defalcation.

LUDLOW STREET—No ; he is not a Ward in Chancery.

A TOPIC of passing interest—Erie second consolidated.

THE Penn Bank has suspended again. His nibbs the President is worse.

MR. E. C. BURT, the eminent shoemaker, is dead. He could not re-soul himself.

A PROMINENT member of the Erie Railroad Investigating Committee, which decided to withhold the July dividend, rejoices in the name of R. Suydam Grant. Many prefer to say D—n Ward.

ODE TO SPRING.

THOU art to me so dear.
(I think this line is Poe's,
But never mind, it goes.)
Thou art to me so dear!
(So is thy lamb
At fifty cents a pound.)
Thou art so sweetly green,
(I likewise am—
I bought a summer ram
For vernal mutton and forthwith found
The truth of goody Whittier's "Might
have been.")

TARIFF Bill—Bill Morrison.
NAVAL Bill—Bill Chandler.

THE "drop" of oil is not calculated to smooth the troubled waters of finance.

CORNETTI HORNBLOWER—No, a trombone player cannot be called professor. He is only a tutor.

A ROULETTE WORKS BOTH WAYS.

"I HAVE noticed these peculiar hieroglyphics," said a lecturer on the Shopira manuscripts, "as far as I have read, and even on the middle column—"

"Red and even, on the middle column?" shouted a suddenly awakened member of his audience, "Then pay me eight chips!"

WALL STREET comfort—The other fellow's losses.

CRUSHED strawberry and elephant's ear must give way as popular colors. Cheap cab ochre is now on the ascendent.

PRESIDENT MOORE, of the West Side Bank, gets off this unconscious sarcasm, in speaking of the defaulting teller, Hinckley: "He had our entire confidence. He was not a church member, so far as I know."

"THERE, Spriggins," said Mrs. S. to the light of her life, "read that!" pointing to the following paragraph in the *Tribune*:

"A crematory will undoubtedly be built very shortly within a few miles of Philadelphia. There is a new organization for the purpose, which includes a number of prominent citizens, and there will be a regular stock company."

"If some of you magnets would start one of them things right here, we'd get more milk and less water!"

CHARITY. CHARITY. CHARITY.

IN AID OF THE SOCIETY FOR

DISTRESSED POLITICIANS.

EXHIBITION (CHICAGO) BUILDING.

THREE WEEKS' PERFORMANCE. BEGINNING JUNE 3, 1884.

NATIONAL MINSTRELS.


MOUNTAINOUS, MONOLITHIC AND MOMENTOUS MERINGUE
OF MIRTH-MOVING MERRY-MAKERS.

PECULIAR, PEERLESS AND PETRIFYING PROGRAMME.



INTRODUCTION.

1. OVERTURE[N] CONVENTION[AL] CHOIR.
 2. BALLAD—"Last Farewell" Mr. C. A. ARTHUR.
 3. SONG—"Pretty as my Picture" Mr. W. S. HOLMAN.
 4. PASTORAL—"Do not Wake Me, Let Me Slumber" Mr. R. B. HAYES.
 5. ROMANZA—"My Wife and I" Mr. J. A. LOGAN.
 6. MELODY—"The Old Home Ain't What it Used to Be" Mr. U. S. GRANT.
 7. DUET—"We Sat by Salt River, You and I" MESSRS. TILDEN & HANCOCK.
- TO CONCLUDE WITH THE
RHYTHMICAL REBUS AND CANTATORIAL CONUNDRUM (on sale in the lobby)
MUSICALLY PRESENTED TO THE AUDIENCE BY MR. B. F. BUTLER;
Air—"The well-known Bar-Carol."
—"A BOOM, BEN? AH! D-N!!!"

FOLLOWED BY

The Sensation of the Evening.  RECIATION BY MR. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes."
"Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."
AT ITS CLOSE

 MR. BLAINE MAKING HIS GRAND POLITICAL TUMBLE. 

SUCCESSING THIS,
THE STANDARD

—\$* O [I] L I O ; \$*—

OR,

Payneful Posturings Poetically Presented with Pecuniary Perfection.

R. THE RIVAL R's. R.

ROBESON AND ROACH.

IN THEIR (K)NAVAL SKETCH.

Introducing the Latter in his Pathetic Ballad—"When Age Steals On."

Ulysses. FOR WARD MARCH! Ferdinand.

WILL PRESENT THEIR EVANESCENT ENTERTAINMENT,

THE FINANCIAL CHROESI;

OR

PAN-IC AND OLD NICK.

During this latter Act, the two sweet lyrics will be rendered:

"I KNOW A BANK" ULYSSES.

"I'LL MEET YOU AT THE BARS" FERDINAND.

NEXT!!

THE SHERMAN BROTHERS,
WILLIAM & JOHN

THE FORMER REPEATING HIS GREAT HIT IN THE TOUCHING ARIA,

"TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

THE LATTER RENEWING HIS OLD-TIME SUCCESS IN

Hood's "SONG OF THE [BLOODY] SHIRT."

★ MAKE VEIGH ★
★ FOR THE ★
★ TWIN STARS, ★
★ DORSEY AND BRADY, ★

IN THEIR LAUGHABLE FANTASIE,

ROUTE HOG OR DIE!!

\$.50 \$.50 \$.50 \$.50 IN ADDITION. \$.50 \$.50 \$.50 \$.50

AT A SALARY OF \$50 A WEEK.

THE TWO EX-CENTRICS. WHEELER.

IN THEIR EX-QUISITE EX-TRAVAGANZA.

RURAL RETIREMENT.

In which Mr. Hayes will sing [at reduced rates for the round trip],

PATTI'S FAVORITE FUGUE—"THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER."

THE PERFORMANCE TO CONCLUDE WITH

THE

REALISTIC RAGOUT,

ENTITLED,

CONVENTION CASUALTIES,

OR,

Death on the Dark Horse.

BY

MESSRS. LINCOLN, CARLISLE, HAWLEY, MORRISON,
LOGAN, RANDALL, HARRISON, BAYARD, ETC., ETC.

The management beg to state that no expense has been spared, and they venture to hope, that
no deserving an object will be supported generously by the public.

WE read in a daily paper that at one of the diplomatic dinners, "General Sheridan sat on President Arthur's right hand." We are in doubt as to whether this is a specimen of journalistic mendacity, or whether the Washington air has caused an enlargement of that useful member. Chester's hands never were small, but as for General Sheridan's sitting on either of them! —we paws.

MR. EDMUNDS' VIEWS ON THE COMING CAM-
PAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.



OUR correspondent has been quite ill from an attack of malaria brought on by contemplation of the country with Mr. Blaine as President. He promises, however, never to do so any more, a promise which seems likely to be kept, so far below par is the stock in the Blaine boom at this writing.

As Mr. Edmunds looms into prominence the public naturally desires to know more about him than the present limited facilities will permit, and your correspondent ventured to call upon him and obtain that insight into his private life which has heretofore been restricted to Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps, Mr. James G. Blaine and the favored reportorial staff of a New York Democratic Daily which gives Mr. Edmunds' canvass untold aid by opposing him.

The gentleman was found in his vice-presidential chambers trying on a new bell-topped halo which had been presented to him by the lobby as the most virtuous man the world had ever known, not even excepting Mrs. Hayes' husband. The room was tastefully decorated with appropriate Scriptural texts, and here and there were to be seen little emblems of virtue and truth which the eminent gentleman from Vermont has received from various Christian Associations. On the walls were hung portraits of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, appropriately grouped about Mr. Edmunds himself, who, as the central figure, shone out pre-eminently.

He bowed stiffly to me when I entered and excusing himself for a moment left the room by a back door the key of which he kept hanging on his watch chain. Presently he returned, smacking his lips in a very unmistakable fashion. I suggested to him that I occasionally indulged behind the bar, but he said that his conscience would afflict him if he put wine before such a promising youth as I. Consequently, Mr. Editor, the interview was dry.

"Mr. Edmunds," said I, "what do you think of the political outlook?"

"Well," he replied, "that depends upon where you stand

when you look out. If I was a Democrat—but then I'm too holy for that, so we won't take any such hypothesis. I, of course, have my opinions on the subject of politics, but really as I-ahem-expect so little from it that I have n't paid much attention to the subject. From what my friend Blaine writes me I hardly think there is much doubt that if the Republicans nominate the right man they will run the Bank for the next four years. Arthur seems to think about the same, and Logan, as far as I can understand his exceedingly broken English, gives me to understand that his wife is hopeful."

"Whom do you consider the right man?"

"Now, sir, you come to the part that stumps Mrs. Logan, Blaine and myself in the worst way. We've met half a dozen times and have never been able to agree. To be sure Mrs. Logan being of the fair sex, Jim and I only get in an occasional word and that endwise. Mrs. Logan's candidate, whom she calls Jack, has all the qualifications. He's a dark horse in every sense of the word; has a bar'l; his personal appearance would poll a large cow-boy vote; he's got about as much idea of the English language as the average voter in the country, and will only be too glad of the chance to board and lodge at the White House and cut \$50,000 worth of coupons every year.

"In addition, this gentleman, according to Mrs. L., has a wife who has much personal magnetism, and who, if Mrs. L. is to be believed, can talk like chain lightning, putting more grammar in a single word than her husband could get in the Congressional Record in four weeks.

"Jim and I invariably looked in at a little place around the corner and had 'lookin' at each other' after these conferences.

"Jim says he has a man in his mind who will make the country hum.

"Now I feel just the same way about it, but I swore I would n't tell who it was until Jim gave his man away.

"H-m. Young man you do n't happen to have any-er-a-well, excuse me for a moment, please."

Mr. Edmunds here went out again by the same back door, and I then noticed that the carpet was very badly worn away in a straight line from the Senator's desk to the door, and when I mentioned the fact to him he replied that all his visitors called at the rear door and that he spent most of his day going out to see a man. The Senator shows the effects of this constant hard labor which devolves upon him, and for this reason alone has declined all offers of advancement from the Prohibitionists who wish to use his name—probably for an example.

As it grew late I withdrew about this time. He accompanied me to the gate and as we passed some flower beds I noticed the flowers perceptibly droop, and when I finally left the Vermont Senator I noticed for the first time that I was nearly frozen.

Mr. Edmunds is not of a comfortable temperament.

He registers about zero—a few degrees above the level of his presidential chances as measured upon the thermometer of popular favor—excepting college-men, of course.

I forgot to mention the fact that I asked Mr. Edmunds:

"Would you accept the presidency yourself?"

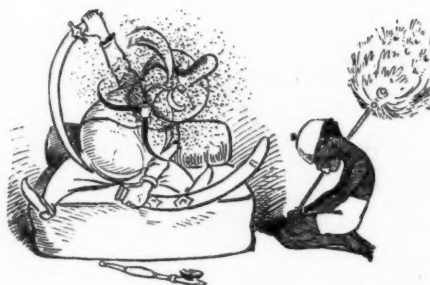
"Well, you may say if you wish that I would n't get up at six in the morning to get it, but if it was brought me on a plate with all charges prepaid, I might accept."

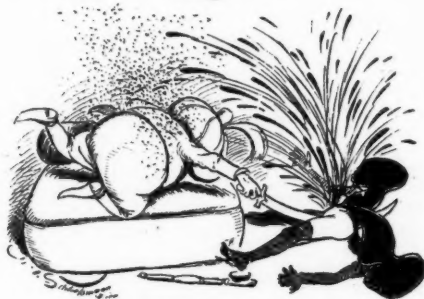
Mr. Edmunds may be a good man, but he'd be a poor candidate in a hot fight.

CARLYLE SMITH.

AN EPISODE.

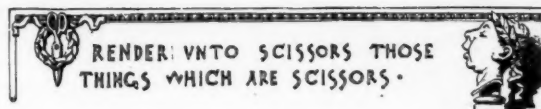
From *Fliegende Blätter*.





A SANDWICH—An African belle.

DISSOLVING views—those of the uninstructed delegate when the political managers get hold of him.



RENDER UP TO SCISSORS THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE SCISSORS.

WALL STREET, 1884.

"COBWERS for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made,
But if an insect of renown,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder
The flimsy fetters fly asunder."—*N. Y. World.*

A PARIS young lady, who is engaged to a gambler, calls him her beau high-deal.—*Paris Beacon.*

THE United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England, and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of Doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE OF ARTEMUS'S BEST.

OF the countless good stories attributed to Artemus Ward, the best one, perhaps, is one which tells of the advice which he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains, consequently, were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.
"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

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IT is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. A Japanese young man must feel comparatively safe in sitting on the same sofa with the young lady in that country.—*Boston Post.*

"HAVE you planted anything yet, Johnnie?"
"Yessur!"
"What have you planted, Johnnie?"
"Couple o' dead cats and a few spring chickens that died of the pip; but if the cats had lived a little longer, they'd saved me the trouble o' plantin' the chickens."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"OH, we'll be so happy when we marry, won't we, Robert?"
"Yes, dearest."
"And we'll have a nice cottage, and we'll take mamma along to live with us, and—"
"Hold on, Sis; if you're going to take your mother along, we must have two cottages."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

SENDING HIS REGARDS.

"How long do you expect to be in New York?" asked Jones, as Smith was about to take the train.
"Only a few days. This is a pleasure trip, you know, and I can't keep it up very long."
"No, pleasure trips cost a good deal of money. By-the-way, you will probably see Jenkins. Just remember me to him."
"Jenkins!" exclaimed Smith. "Why, Jenkins has been arrested, and is now in jail there."
"Yes; I heard about it. You will doubtless meet him. Just give him my regards, please."—*Phila. Call.*

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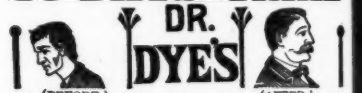
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FASHIONABLE society has now a smelling bottle craze. The vinaigrettes are gold mounted, set with jewels, and cost from \$40 to \$100 apiece. It is needless to add that in high life fainting has been revived with all the old-time abandon.—*Lowell Citizen.*

HE was a Chinaman, and his name was Hong Kee. He was on a tear.

"Me bustee town wide open, alle samee Melican man!" he cried.

There was silence, and they allowed him the right of way of the streets.

"Balkeepee, setemup dlinks. Alle samee Melican man." It was done.

"Balkeepee, chargee up. Alle samee Melican man." And he was bounced. The Chinese must go.—*Denver Opinion.*

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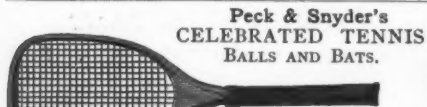
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